

The

Comics

JUNE

No. 8

10¢

POP!
HAVE YOU
SEEN MY
ARROW?

TED STRONG • BILL AND DAVEY • SALESMAN SAM
DEADWOOD GULCH • MANHUNT • ROD RIAN
"Mystery of the Hopped Horsemen" featuring Tex Ritter!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



TED STRONG

—AL CARPENTIER

WHILE TED, THE SHERIFF AND JACK BALDWIN WERE EXAMINING THE LOCKS OF THE DAM, TWO OF DORGAN'S MEN OPEN FIRE FROM THE CLIFF ABOVE WOUNDING THE SHERIFF. TED JUMPS BEHIND A BOULDER AND RETALIATES

YOU GOT 'IM TED!
HEY SHERIFF!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
ARE YOU HURT?

IT LOOKS LIKE A
HIT! DID YOU HEAR
THAT GROAN?

DON'T YOU DO IT
LAD! ARE YOU
CRAZY?

PULL THE SHERIFF
TO A SAFE PLACE,
JACK, WHILE I GO
UP AND INVESTIGATE

TED - IF YOU
PERSIST, GO, BUT
TAKE THIS BELT.
IF YOU NEED ANY
HELP, GIVE US A
SIGNAL


THAT COYOTE IS WOUND
ED I'M SURE I'LL MAKE
HIM SQUEAL OUT WHERE
THE ANIMALS ARE

THANKS

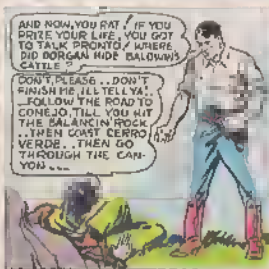
TED MAKES HIS WAY TAKING CAUTIOUS
COVER BEHIND THE ROCK. HE IS
SPOTTED BY THE ENEMY... BULLETS
WHIZ! ONCE AGAIN

AN OPENING! TED DARTS SAFELY
ACROSS THE ROAD TOWARD... THE CLIFF

AND ASCENDS TO THE TOP

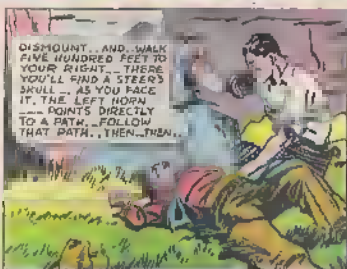


DUE TO THE DARKNESS THE KILLER LOSES TRACK OF TED, BUT TED'S KEEN EYES SPOT HIM IMMEDIATELY... ONE SHOT, AND THE DORGAN HENCHMAN REELS BACKWARDS



AND NOW, YOU RAT! IF YOU PRIZE YOUR LIFE, YOU GOT TO TALK PRONTO! WHERE DID DORGAN HIDE BALDWIN'S CATTLE?

DON'T, PLEASE... DON'T FINISH ME, I'LL TELL YA... FOLLOW THE ROAD TO CONEJO, TILL YOU HIT THE BALANCIN' ROCK... THEN COAST CERRO VERDE... THEN GO THROUGH THE CANYON...




DISMOUNT... AND... WALK FIVE HUNDRED FEET TO YOUR RIGHT... THERE YOU'LL FIND A STEER'S SKULL... AS YOU FACE IT, THE LEFT HORN... POINTS DIRECTLY TO A PATH... FOLLOW THAT PATH... THEN... THEN...



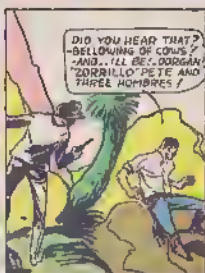
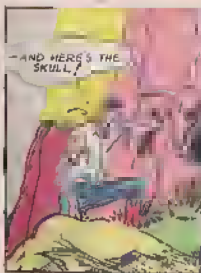
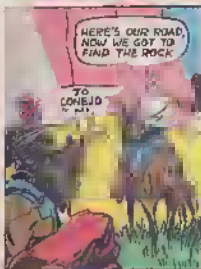
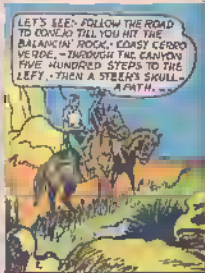
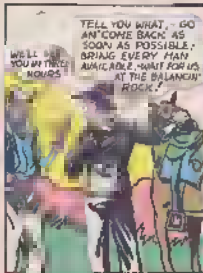
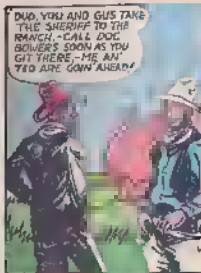
DEAD!

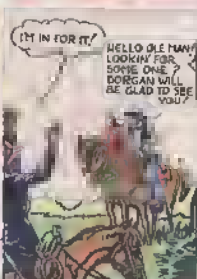
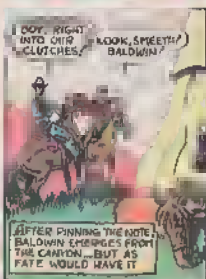
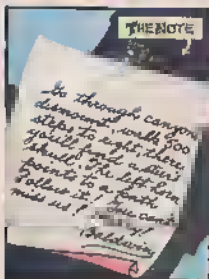
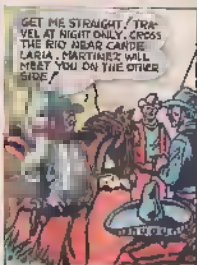
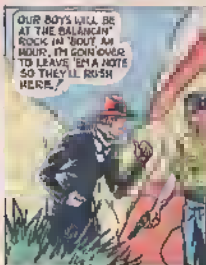
BEFORE DYING, TED FORCED THE DORGAN GANGSTER TO CONFESS WHERE J.B.'S CATTLE IS HIDDEN... BUT, WAS HE TELLING THE TRUTH?



JACK, I WONDER IF THAT DORGAN GANGSTER GAVE ME THE RIGHT LEAD?

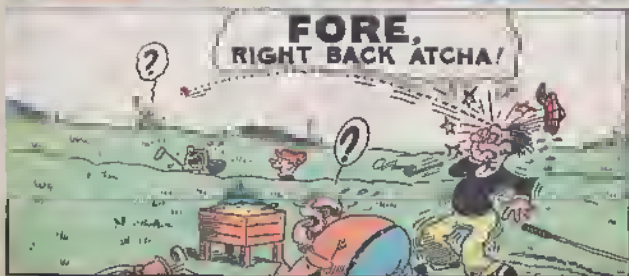
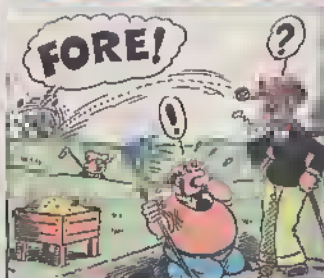
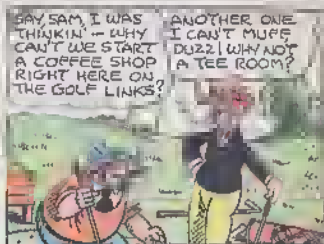
WELL SON! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES





SALESMAN SAM-

Sam Uses His Head on the Links

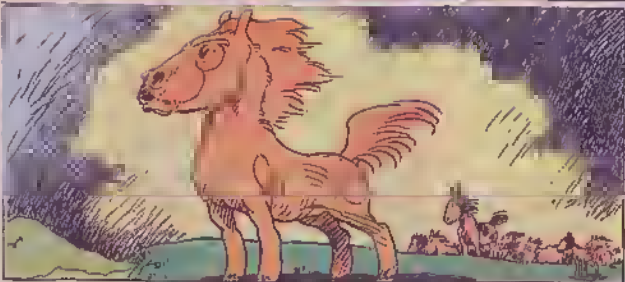


PEPPER BULL

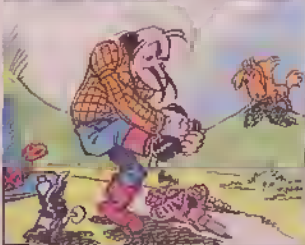
TEX
O'REILLY

and
JACKA
CHICKEN

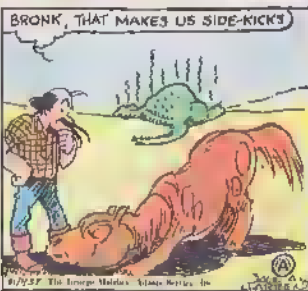
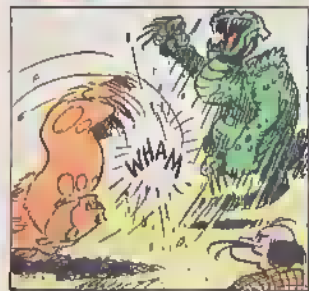
WHATA HORSE!



HERE'S WHERE I HIT THE ROAD A LICK

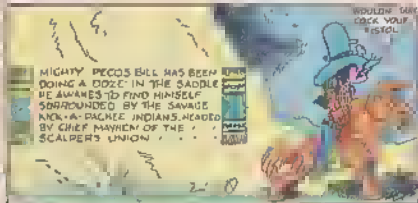


WOW-A CHUCKLE-
LION WITH HIS
STINGER OUT



Continued on Next Page—More in Next Issue

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See What Happens in Our Next Issue.

THE NUT BROS.

CHES
& WAL

DID YOU SELL THAT
BASKET OF APPLES
YOU TOOK TO
MARKET?

MMM... SO THAT'S
WHY I HAD SO MANY
APPLES FOR... HUH?

FUNNY THING
BUT CUCUMBERS
NEVER AGREE
WITH ME!

THAT'S SILLY— WHY
WASTE TIME ARGUING
WITH 'EM?

I UNDERSTAND YOU
ALSO PLANTED A CAN
OF AUNT MAZEL'S
PEACHES! WHAT
CAME UP?

AUNT MAZEL
WITH TH' ROLLING
PIN!

WHAT'S TH
MATTER?
SLEEPY?

NO! I'M WAITING FOR MY NEW
POTATO PLANT TO GROW— I
PLANTED IT UPSIDE DOWN SO
I WON'T HAVE TO DIG FOR
POTATOES
ANY MORE!

WELL, PEOPLE
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
I BAGGED 'EM
UNTIL I HAD
SHOWN A BEFORE
AND AFTER
SHOT!

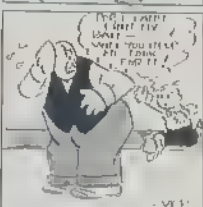
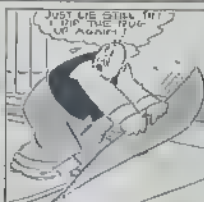
QUIZ ME,
KID, QUIZ
ME!

WHY HAVE YOU
USED BOTH HALVES
OF THE ANIMALS
IN YOUR
COLLECTION?

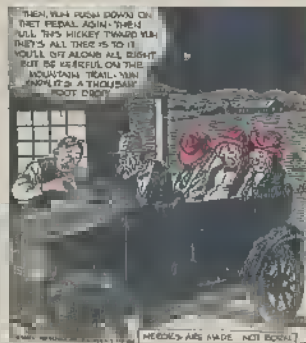
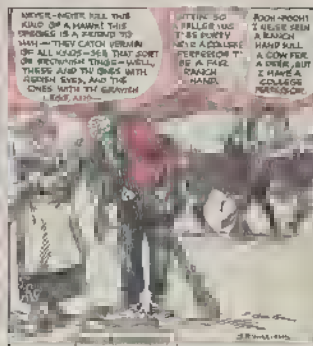
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
BORN IN TH' LEANING
TOWER OF PISA TO
GET A
SLANTON
THINGS
LIKE THAT!

JIMMY JANS

by VEP



Cowboy Comics



MY BIG BRUDDER

WE'RE READING
A SWELL BOOK ON
ANIMAL LIFE!

WHAT DO
YOU THINK—
A DOODYDINE IS
AN ANIMAL
WITH NEEDLES
ON HIS
BACK!

GEE!

YEE, AND AN
OSTRICH BURIES
HIS HEAD IN THE SAND
TO HIDE!

GOSH!

—AND DO YOU
KNOW THAT A CAMEL
CAN GO WITHOUT
DRINKING WATER
FOR SEVEN DAYS!

GEE, THERE SURE
ARE A LOT OF QUEER
ANIMALS, AIN'T
THEY?

YELL, I KNOW
ONE THAT'S QUEERER
YET! HE'S ALWAYS
LOOKING OUT THE
WINDOW OF HIS
HOUSE!

LOOKING OUT
THE WINDOW OF
HIS HOUSE??
—YOU'RE CRAZY!!

THERE
AIN'T
NO SUCH
ANIMAL!

THERE IS SO!! AND
NO MATTER WHERE HE'S
LOOKING HE'S ALWAYS
LOOKING OUT THE
WINDOW 'CAUSE HIS
WHOLE HOUSE IS
ONLY A
WINDOW!!

NO! NO!
I NEVER HEARD
OF SUCH A
THING!

YOU'RE ONLY
FOOLING!

I AM NOT
FOOLING!!
FOLLOW
ME AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!

THERE!!
A GOLDFISH!!

A page for


By A. W. Nugent

1




A DRAWING LESSON FOR CHILDREN

2



COPY THE SKETCHES IN THEIR ORDER

3



PLEASE DRAW US

THIS DRAWING LESSON SHOWS HOW EASY AN AIRCRAFT CAN BE DRAWN

1



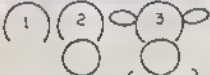
2




3



1 2 3

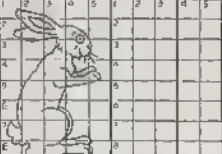


4 5



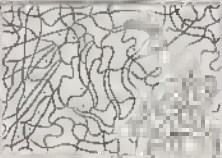

DEAR CHILDREN, COPY THESE FIGURES CAREFULLY AND THEN TRY YOUR SKILL ON CONSTRUCTING OTHER ANIMALS BY USING THIS SIMPLE PROGRESSIVE METHOD

1 2 3 4 5 1 2 3 4 5




DUPLICATE THE RABBIT IN THE EMPTY GROUP OF SQUARES AND HAVE YOUR LINES CUT THE SQUARES IN THE EXACT POSITIONS THEY DO IN THE ORIGINAL

USE A SHARP PENCIL IN ORDER TO MAKE THE DOTTED SKETCHES AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN

1



A DRAWING LESSON COPY THE FIGURES IN ORDER

2



3



ENLARGE YOUR DRAWINGS

1



COPY THE SKETCHES IN THEIR ORDER

2




3



A DRAWING LESSON FOR CHILDREN. HOW TO DRAW A BOTTLE

FIRST DRAW AN EGG



THEN ADD THE OTHER LINES STEP BY STEP

2




3



4



5



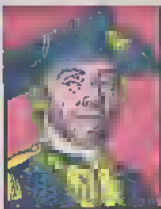
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

WRITE DOWN THE NUMBERS 1 TO 9 AND 0 IN THE HAUNT TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN MAKE

EVEN IF YOU CAN'T DRAW---TRY YOUR HAND AT THIS

DECKS A'WASH

American Naval Heroes
by AUGUSTUS J ROBINSON

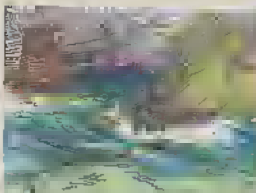


John
Paul
Jones

ALL ENGLAND WAS AROUSED BY THE EXPLOITS OF THE DARING YANKEE

NOT SINCE THE DAYS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA HAD WAR BEEN

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND KINGDOM.



THE "RANGER" ARRIVED IN THE BAY OF WHITEHAVEN. UNFORTUNATELY A HEAVY GALE PREVENTED JONES AND HIS MEN FROM LANDING, AS HE HAD PLANNED, SO THE "RANGER" WAS FORCED TO PUT ABOUT AND CRUISE TO THE NORTHWARD.



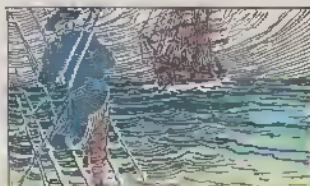
HE WAS HEADED FOR THE BAY OF CARRICKFERGUS, IRELAND, WHERE THE CITY OF BELFAST LIES. A FISHERMAN INFORMED

THE "RANGER" WAS AT ANCHOR INSIDE THE BAY.

JONES PLANNED TO CAPTURE THE SHIP THAT VERY NIGHT.



THE CREW ASSEMBLED BETWEEN DECKS, SHARPENING THEIR CUTLASSES; CLEANING AND PRIMING THEIR PISTOLS. THE FANNON WERE LOADED WITH GRAPE AND DEPRESSED FOR WORK AT 11000. QUARTERS, AND BATTLE LANTERNS WERE HUNG READY TO BE LIGHTED ON SIGNAL WITH THE ACTION STARTED.



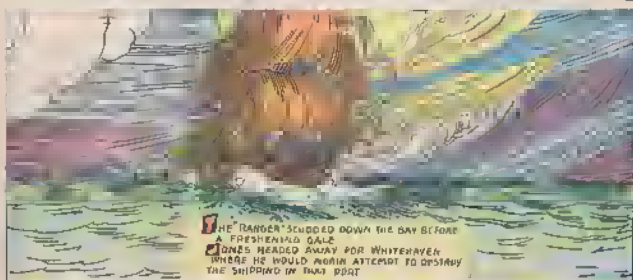
WAITING UNTIL NIGHT JONES SAILED UP THE BAY, — WHILE THE "DRAKE" WAS LYING AT ANCHOR, GENTLY ROLLING IN THE SWELL —

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN'S PLAN TO SWING HIS VESSEL AROUND AND FIGHT THE ENGLISHMAN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

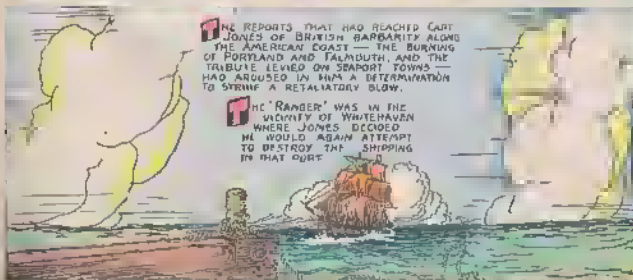


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BUT THE PLAN, THOUGH WELL LAID, FAILED TO BE CARRIED OUT. THE "RANGER" WAS BROUGHT UP INTO THE WIND AHEAD OF THE CATHEADS OF THE "DRAKE" WHEN CAPT JONES ORDERED THE ANCHOR LET GO. THE "RANGER" INSTEAD OF BRINGING UP ALONGSIDE THE ENEMY, CAME TO ANCHOR HALF A CABLE-LENGTH ASTERN. THE SWIFT TIDE AND A STRONG BREEZE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO WARP THE SHIP ALONGSIDE. SO JONES ORDERED THE CABLE LIFT —



THE "RANGER" SNEGGED DOWN THE BAY BEFORE A FRESHENING GALE. JONES HEADED AWAY FOR WHITEHAVEN WHERE HE WOULD AGAIN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE SHIPPING IN THAT PORT.



HIS REPORTS THAT HAD REACHED CAPT JONES OF BRITISH BARBARITY ALONG THE AMERICAN COAST — THE BURNING OF PORTLAND AND FALMOUTH, AND THE TRIBUTE LEVIED ON SEAPORT TOWNS — HAD AROUSED IN HIM A DETERMINATION TO STRIKE A RETALIATORY BLOW.

THE "RANGER" WAS IN THE VICINITY OF WHITEHAVEN WHERE JONES DECIDED HE WOULD AGAIN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE SHIPPING IN THAT PORT.



SAILORS' KNOTS

AND
SEAMAN'S WAYS



The Harpers Compass



As used by the U.S. Navy

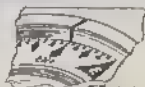
BEING A COMPASS

NOT TO BE USED FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSE THAN AS A COMPASS. THE COMPASS IS A CIRCULAR DEVICE WITH A CENTRAL CIRCLE AND A RING OF POINTS. THE POINTS ARE Labeled WITH LETTERS AND NUMBERS. THE COMPASS IS USED TO MEASURE THE ANGLE BETWEEN TWO LINES. THE ANGLE IS MEASURED BY DRAWING A LINE FROM THE CENTRAL CIRCLE TO THE POINT ON THE RING. THE ANGLE IS THEN MEASURED BY DRAWING A LINE FROM THE CENTRAL CIRCLE TO THE POINT ON THE RING. THE ANGLE IS THEN MEASURED BY DRAWING A LINE FROM THE CENTRAL CIRCLE TO THE POINT ON THE RING.



A view of the wheel

The lubbers line

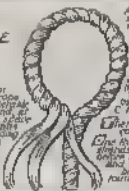


A strip called the lubbers line is painted on the forward side of the hull in which the compass is fixed.

The lubbers line measures the bow of the vessel—and the ship.

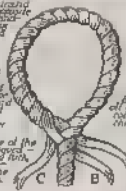
The EYE SPLICE

Open eye and in the rope for a considerable distance and at the required place the strands upon the standing part to form the eye.



Push the strand A through the opposite strand B, leaving it already opened in with a bight. Strand B is then passed through the loop and then pulled through the strand. Then turn the rope over and pass strand C through the ring.

Then make another complete turn. One third of the fiber of the strands should be stripped, making the third turn, and another third, making the fourth or final turn.



Cut the rope end of the eye and roll against the strand.

When the splice can be widened and parted with the strands and half-bitted, served over (covered with spun yarn or light cord).



The Short Splice

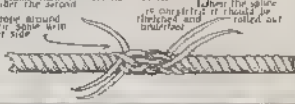
Suppose we have a heavier lead rope made up of three strands to be spliced.

Open the strands of the ropes for a short distance and making them—bring them together thus:



1. Take the strands A and C of rope A and strand D of rope B and pass them under strand E. 2. Then pass strand F over the first end under the second.

3. Turn the rope around and do the same with the other side.



4. Then repeat the whole process on both sides, tying a finishing knot to fix up the splice.

5. A good splice is stronger than the rope it should be secured.

6. When the splice is finished it should be stretched and underfoot.



BILL AND DAVEY

By James P. McGee

WELL, BILL HAS JUST KNOCKED THE TAR OUT OF PEDRO, BUT CAPT. LASH ISN'T READY FOR TROUBLE JUST YET, EVIDENTLY—

ALLRIGHT, YE BUCKOS SHAKE AN' PEGGY IT—I'LL HAVE NO BAD BLOOD ABOARD THE LADY MAY!

SURE, SURE—NO HARD FEELINGS, EH PEDRO?

BUT LATER—

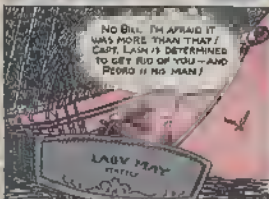
AW, BILGE-WATRE!



BUT I'LL HAVE MY KNIFE IN HIS BACK YET—AN' YE MAY SAY TO THAT!

NAH—NO MORE OF THAT—HE'S TOO TOUGH BUT THERE'S LOTS O' ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN YORE WE SIGHT PARANG ISLAND.—BARRY!

BILL, I SAW YOUR FIGHT WITH PEDRO. IT WAS WONDERFUL, THE WAY YOU HANDLED HIM!



PLEASE, FOR MY SAKE, YOU WILL BE ON YOUR GUARD, WON'T YOU?

WELL, ER—GOLLY, MISS TREW!

PER MY WAKE—GOSH, A HOMELY OL' WALKER LIKE ME!



NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, CAP—THAT GANG 'UD KNIFE THEIR OWN GRANDMOTHERS FER A BARGE O' TREASURE!

AND—AN' THAT PUTS THE GAME IN OUR HANDS! NOW, WE'LL TAKE CARE O' THAT DUMB MULE O' A BOSUN!

AND THE LADY MAY SAILS ON OVER THE SOUTH PACIFIC TOWARD THE TREASURE OF PARANG ISLAND—BUT WITH THE GOOD SWINGING STEADILY IN CAPT. LASH'S FAVOR, WHAT CHANCE CAN BILL HAVE NOW?

MCGEE

Continued on Next Two Pages—More in Our Next Issue

THE CAPTAIN'S WATCH
IS A DARK, MADDENING
SIGHT...



BOSUN, THAT'S A
SLOPPY FURL ON THAT
FORE, UPPER TOPSAIL TO
LEEWARD! GOT ALOFT
AND PASS A GASKET
AROUND IT.



AS BILL HURDLES
ALONG THE LEE
YARDARM...



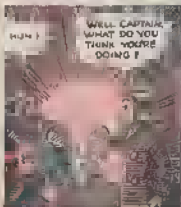
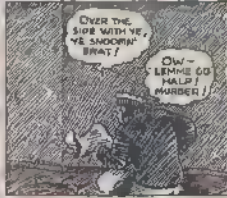
CAPTAIN LATHIN ON DECK
CASTS A GLANCE THE
LEE BRACE...



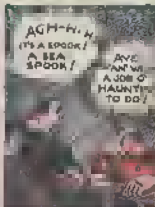
AND THE YARD SWINGS
WIDELY WITH THE SHIP'S
ROLL. OVER GOES BILL!



CAPTAIN LATHIN
PLANS TO GET RID
OF BILL SEEMS TO
HAVE WORKED!
BUT UNKNOWN TO
THE CAPT, DAVEY
IS ALSO ON DECK.
HE HEARS BILLY
LAST YELL - SEES
A DARK ODGY
MURGLE
DOWNWARD...



BUT LOOK
AFT--
THAT!





NEVER MIND THAT, CAPTAIN—
—LOWER A BOAT AT ONCE!

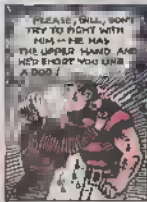
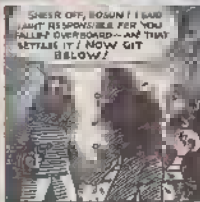


WRONG, CAP'IN!
HERE I BE—FIT AN ABLE—

Bill



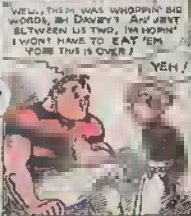
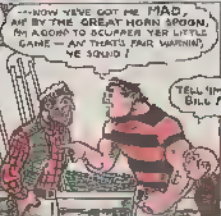
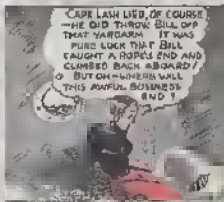
THE MAN HAVE KNOWN APT LASH! WOULD HAVE A GUN ON HIM—THE RAT!



WHY BILL! I CONSIDER YOU THE BRAVEST, NOBLEST MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN!



AW, PER GOIN SAKES BILL! ANY WE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE A'READY?

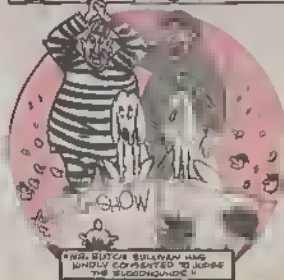




COPs & ROBBERS



NOVELTY SHOP
BIRTH DATES... 1921
BIRTH DATES... 1921
BIRTH DATES... 1921
BIRTH DATES... 1921



MR. BUTCH BULLMAN HAS
KINDLY CONSENTED TO JOIN
THE BLOODHOUND

DID YOU KNOW?

By JOE ARCHIBALD.



So far the EARTH
has lived only one
half millionth of its
allotted span of Ex-
istence



In Bohemia, suicides choose the
willow tree from which to hang.
The belief there is that Judas
hung himself from a willow



At a temperature of 40,
below zero, smoke from a
wood fire appears in the
form of steam

— Joe Archibald —

ROD RIAN

OF THE SKY POLICE

By
PAUL H. EPSON



AN HOUR AFTER
THE EXPLOSION OF THE
BOMB, ROD COMES TO



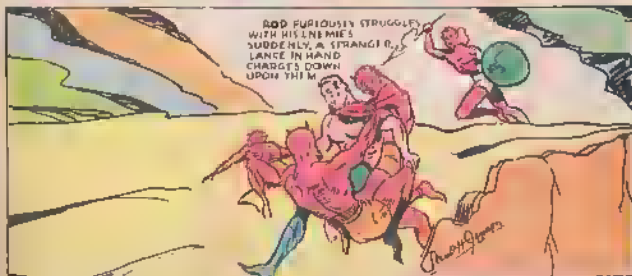
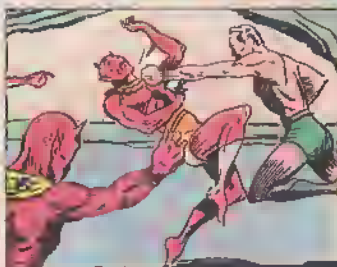
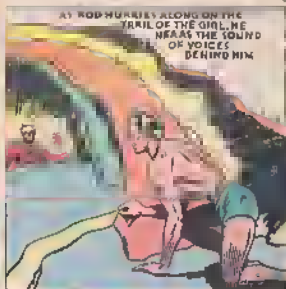
KARIM IS GONE!
HE STARTS DOWN THE
PASSAGEWAY AND FINDS
A PIECE OF HER DRESS



MEANWHILE ---
FAR AHEAD, THE
UNCONSCIOUS KARIM IS
BEING CARRIED OFF BY
UNICOR WARRIORS. ...



TO THEIR
PROJECTILE PLANES



SYNOPSIS

KARIN IS TAKEN AWAY BY UNICOR WARRIORS AND, AS ROD, LATER, RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS-BOMB, FOLLOWS HER TRAIL. HE IS OSESST BY THREE MEPHISTIAN WHO HAVE ORDERS TO RETURN HIM TO THEIR MASTER, MEPHISTOS, ALIVE.

A STRANGER COMES TO HIS RESCUE.



ROD WRESTS A DESTRUCTOR-FLAME GUN FROM ONE OF HIS ENEMIES. HE AND HIS NEW-FOUND ALLY MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE DEVIL-MEN.



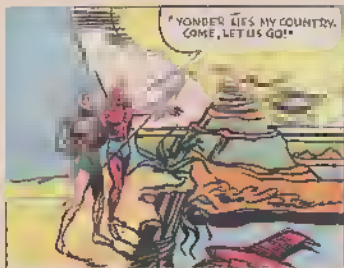
"I AM TARO, LIEUTENANT IN THE ARMY OF THE UNICORS. I RETURNED TO GET YOU. MY MEN HAVE TAKEN THE GIRL ON AHEAD FOR IT SEEMED THAT SHE MIGHT NEED MEDICAL AID AS A RESULT OF THE BOMB. THE INCIDENT WAS A STUPID MISTAKE. WE MISTOOK THE SOUND OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS FOR THOSE OF MEPHISTIAN."



COME, LET US HURRY ON, FOR THERE MAY BE OTHERS PURSUING . . .

"DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, STRANGER, BUT YOU CERTAINLY HELPED ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOE!"





GORDON FIFE AND THE BOY KING

By Bob Moore

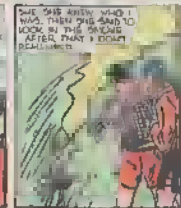
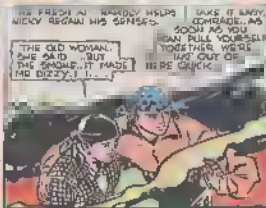
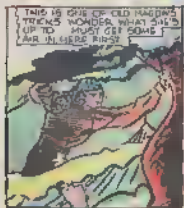
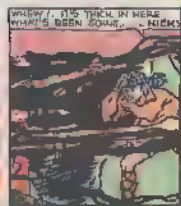
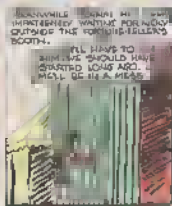
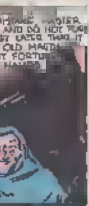
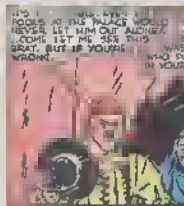
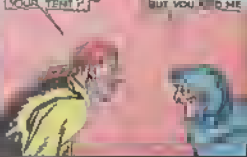
WELL OLD WOMAN, WHAT DRINGS YOU HERE?

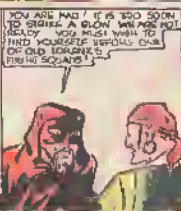
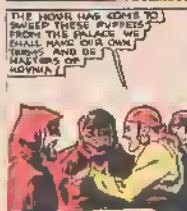
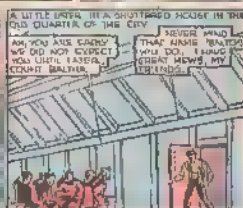
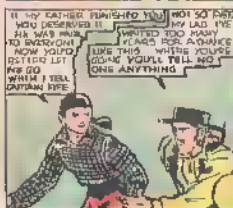
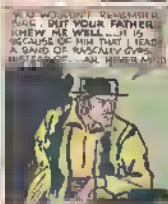
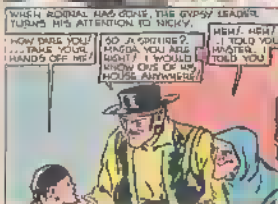
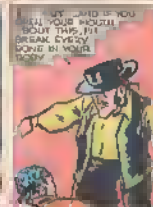
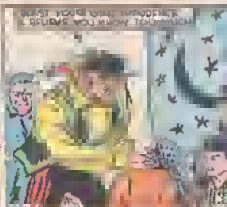
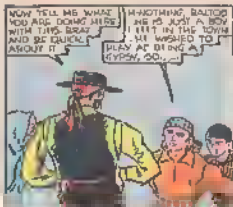
AYE, I'VE BRING GREAT NEWS, YOUR DAY HAS COME

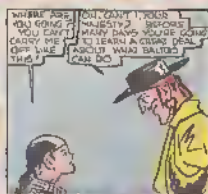
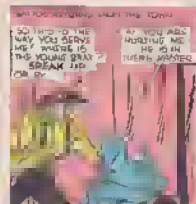
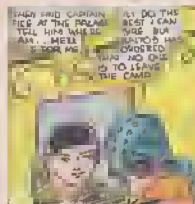
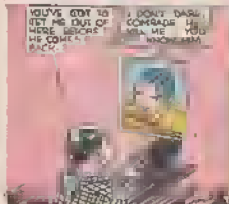
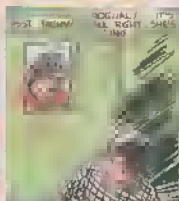
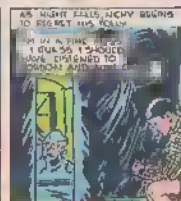
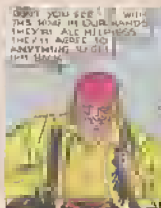
AND TELL HIM OF HIS

WHY'S THIS YOU SAY, YOU'VE GOT THE YOUNG KING IN YOUR TENT?

AYE, HE THERE AND BEST OF US NOW KNOWS IT BUT YOU TOLD ME







25 BIG Prizes for the BEST LETTERS!

Hillo, Kido!

How would you like a new pen friend? The boys and girls whose letters appear below are also anxious to get acquainted. And making friends through our Letter Club is no easy or killing off a log! All you have to do is answer one of the following letters and mail it to us, enclosing a three-cent stamp so we can forward it for you. Send the rest up to us, and before you know it, you'll be receiving more letters than you can count!

Dash out and catch this postman now!

Happily yours,

THE EDITOR

1-3. Each letter for the 1st and more envelopes.

INTRODUCING EDWARD AND HIS TRICK BOX!

Dear Friends:

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

I have a little beauty shop named "Dance" - a hair salon, a hair salon, a hair salon, and a hair salon. I hope to get a new letter through the Editor.

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

Yours truly,

EDWARD T. 121, 121.

SAVING STAMPS IS HIS WEAKNESS

Dear Friends:

I have a few friends but a cold like a cold. I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

Yours truly,

BRYAN W. 121, 121.

A CALL FROM A SOUTHERN PAL

Dear Friends:

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. 121, 121.

A PILE A THIN A NEW ENGLANDER

Dear Friends:

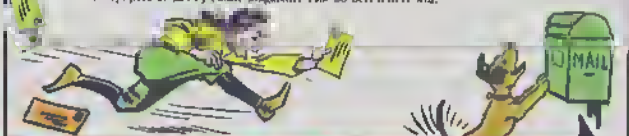
I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

I hope to get a new letter through the Editor. I hope to have a birthday on skates.

Yours,

EDWARD G. 121, 121.

We've got twenty-five crisp dollar bills waiting for kids who will write a letter in the club's lettering which is in or has printed with stamp. Your letters must be in the mail before June 28, 1933, and must not be more than 150 words long. You can write about the future in the newspapers or in any family magazine. The 25 best letters win.



DO YOU WANT A PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES? ... See Next Page!

50 Pairs Rollfast Roller Skates FREE!

Do you want a pair of genuine **ROLLFAST** Roller-Skating Roller Skates? These skates are metal plated, built on solid-rolled steel, and are designed to stay the same and last forever. They're your chance to win a pair free!

Maybe you'd rather be a rat-rap than a gymnast. Then you still have a chance to win a pair of **ROLLFAST** Skates. The editor's nephew passed up this pair of "Roller" Top and the kids on skates. Read below to see how to get it.



Just get that beautiful new top hat and tell a 100 ladies that you're a roller skater. Then you'll win a pair of **ROLLFAST** Roller Skates. The skates are made of metal and last forever. They're your chance to win a pair free!



Put out a plan of a woman's top, where from the 100 ladies, you'll win a pair of **ROLLFAST** Roller Skates. The skates are made of metal and last forever. They're your chance to win a pair free!



\$25⁰⁰ in Prizes for CROSSWORD PUZZLE fans!

Can you make up a crossword puzzle as well as solve one? If you can make up one for us, We are offering ten big prizes of \$25.00 each for the puzzles we print—and 20 additional prizes of one dollar for the next twenty best puzzles. Each puzzle must be just one—8000 contains six letters down and six across, and must be accompanied by a complete and correct solution. To win one of the prizes the puzzles must be mailed before June 28, 1938, and must be accompanied by the coupon in the lower corner of this page. The solutions to the puzzles below appear on a later page of THE COMICS.



This puzzle is worth \$25.00 given to Dorothy Johnson,
Cedarville, Pennsylvania

ACROSS

1. Expensive
2. Moist
3. Like
4. Runny (ill people)
5. Ruddy
6. Tactful
7. Grown-up way
8. Show

DOWN

1. Begone
2. Anne Darnell (blue)
3. Ye help
4. Give out
5. To be simply good
6. To hang things in water
7. There (people)
8. Men's nickname



This puzzle is worth \$25.00 given to Everett Krimm,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

ACROSS

1. Dumb
2. More live
3. A vessel
4. Half of each
5. Like
6. To affect
7. A head split
8. Dressed

DOWN

1. One character
2. Tactful
3. Artists
4. To live again
5. A richly decorated mold
6. Bedside
7. Per person
8. Half of each

Address all entries to

THE COMICS CONTEST, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



3

My name is

My address

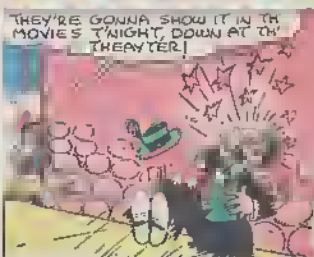
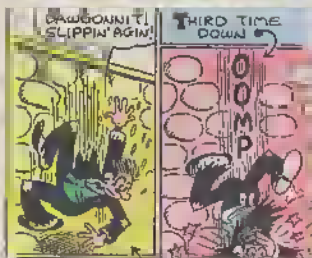
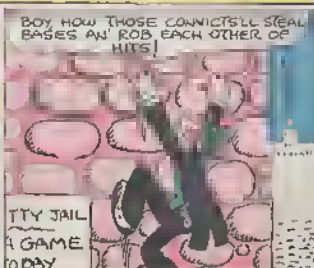
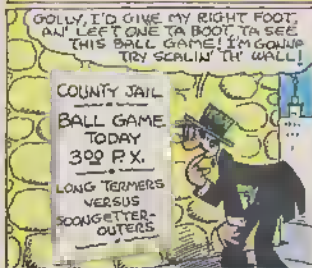
My phone number

My mail box

THE COMICS CONTEST

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SALESMAN SAM



TEX RITTER ... THE MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN!

The MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN

AN ORIGINAL & EXCITINGLY SENSATIONAL
TEX RITTER
 AS **TEX MARTIN**
 FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH
 THE MURDER OF NANCY
 BY
WILLIAM WARDEN

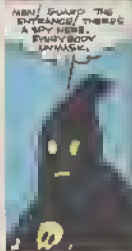
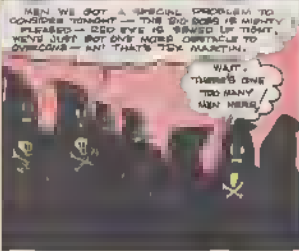
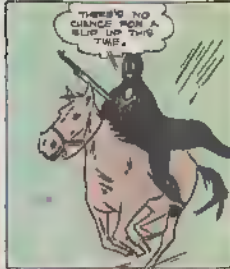
TEX WAS
 JUST SHOT
 ONE OF
 THE MARKED
 RIDERS
 AND
 WOUND
 HIM TO BE
 BILL
 DAWSON
 FOREMAN
 AT THE
 FOUR STAR
 INN.

WE
 LEFT
 TEX WAS
 PLANNING
 TO TRAP
 THE
 BANDITS

WE SEEN A MIN'TO DRIVE OUT
 THESE OUTLAWS — ALL WE
 NEEDED WAS A LEADER, AN' I'M
 HERE TO TELL YOU NOW, WE
 GOT ONE IN TEX MARTIN.



JUST OUT OF TOWN THE RIDERS
 ARES MEETING. JUST AS
 NORTON TELLS THE MEN TO SEE
 TO IT THAT TEX MARTIN
 KNOWS HIS OWN BUSINESS...



TEX RITTER in THE MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN!

THERE HE GOES. GET YOUR HORSES.



TEX IS STOPPED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE INN BY NANCY.

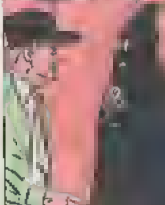
DON'T SHOOT. IT'S ME - TEX.

YOU - A MASKED RIDER?



SO YOU SOLD US OUT COMIN' HERE AS OUR FRIEND -

I'M NOT A MASKED RIDER.



SURE HE IS SHERIFF!

SHOOT! DON'T GIVE YOU GOT ONE DAY'S.



HE HEADED THIS WAY. WE MUSTA LOST HIS TRAIL.



... WE FIND THE RIDERS STILL LOOKING FOR TEX.

STUBBY GETS TEX OUT OF JAIL - AND WE PICK THEM UP OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

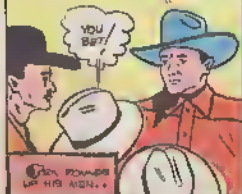
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

SURE - I'LL MEET YOU AT SHERIFF VALLEY.

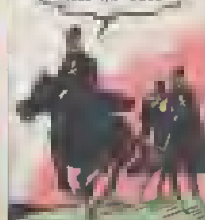


MAN, WE'RE GOIN TO CLEAN OUT THAT GANG FOR ONCE AND FOR ALL - ARE YOU WITH ME?

YOU BET!



THAT WAS THE WE SAW. LET'S GO TELL THE BOSS.



BUT THE BOSS IS A MAN - WE GOTTA GET TEX - BEFORE HE TELLS WHAT HE SAW LAST NIGHT.



Be Sure to Get the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"

TEX RITTER & THE MYSTERY OF THE HOODED HORSEMEN

MORTON! THE GAMES UP, TEX BROKE JAIL.

WHO?

WE'VE GOT TO GET THE JUMP ON THE VIGILANTES - IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.

AND HIS MEN BREAK IN ON TH' GANG AS THE QUEENER ARRIVES

UP WITH 'EM.

ALRIGHT MARTIN GET 'EM UP! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE.

HONKY, SHERIFF. I WAS HOPIN' YOU'D COME ALONG. SORRY I HAD TO BREAK OUTTA YOUR CRACKER. SOW, BUT YOU MADE A MISTAKE. HERE'S THE MAN YOU WANT.

WHY IT'S DAN FARLEY.

HIM SO THAT'S THE ANSWER.

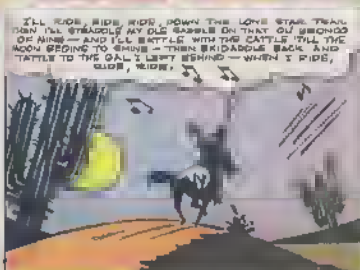
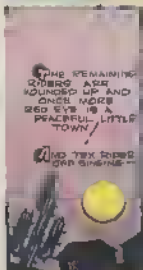
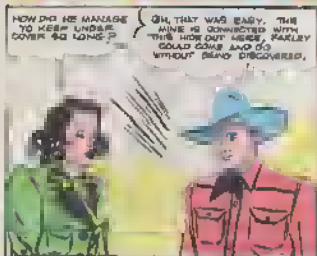
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING ON ME

LET'S GET GOIN'

I SUSPECTED YOU FROM THE DAY YOU CLAIMED THE NIMB ORE WAS NO GOOD. JUST BY LOOKING I COULD TELL IT WAS WORTH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A TON.

FARLEY GOT TOM WHEATON - AN' DANWSON, TOO. HE GAVE HIM POISONED WHISKY SO HE COULDN'T TALK.

TEX RITTER in 'THE MYSTERY of the HOODED HORSEMEN'



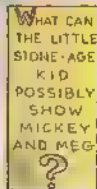
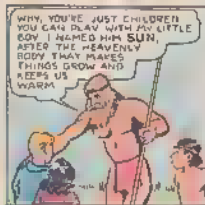
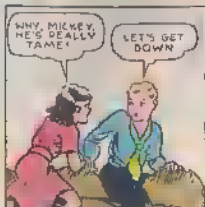
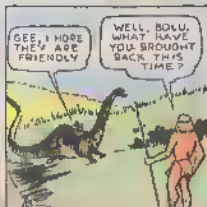
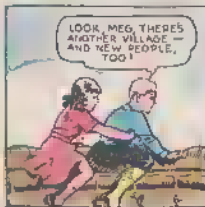
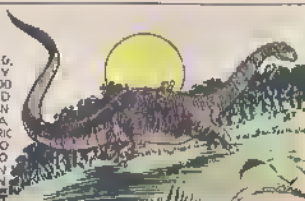
WATCH
FOR
NEXT MONTH'S
PICTURE
DRAMA

THE Enchanted Stone

OF TIME

by
Barreux

MICKEY AND MEG, MYSTERIOUSLY SENT BACK 10,000 YEARS, FIND THEMSELVES ON THE BACK OF A GREAT PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR, WHO GALLOPS OFF TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION.



THE ENCHANTED STONE

OF TIME

by *Barrett's*

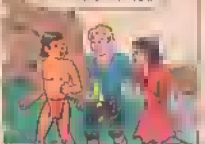


TWO MODERN CHILDREN, MICKEY AND MEG, ARE TRANSPORTED BACK TO THE STONE AGE.

ISN'T THIS SWEET? OUR CAVE HAS THE BEST VIEW AROUND HERE.

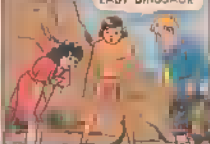


DID YOU EVER SEE DINOSAUR'S EGGS? THAT'S REALLY WHAT I WANT TO SHOW YOU.



WELL, DID YOU EVER—

THESE ARE BOLU'S EGGS. SHE'S A LADY DINOSAUR.



BOLU IS PROBABLY IN HER POOL. SHE SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME THERE.

SURE—SHE'S A BRONTOSAURUS, YOU KNOW, AND THEY LOVE THE WATER.



MY FATHER TAMED HER AND SHE HAS BEEN OUR PET FOR YEARS AND YEARS. BUT GEE, SHE'S awfully DUMB.

OH, COURSE JUST LOOK AT HER BIG BODY AND TINY HEAD.



OH, LOOK. HERE'S ANOTHER ONE HATCHED.

WHAT A FAMILY SHE HAS—



GOSH, WHAT'S THAT?



O-OH— IT'S BOLU AND SHE'S MAD AS HOPS!



BOLU MUSTN'T CATCH US! WHEN SHE'S MAD AS THIS, SHE MIGHT DO ANYTHING TO US!



DOES THE ENRAGED MONSTER OVERTAKE THE THREE KIDS??

SEE NEXT EPISODE



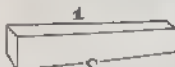
See What Happens in Our Next Issue.



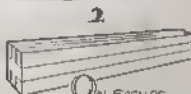
PENKNIFE ODDITIES

by
WILLIE
WHITTLE

A WOODEN CHAIN



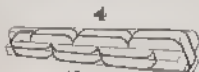
1
SELECT
ANY CLOSE GRAINED
WOOD THAT IS NOT TOO
HARD TO WHITTLE —
(MAHOGANY OR WILLOW
PREFERRED) 9" LONG
AND 1 1/2" SQUARE AT EACH
END — AND FREE OF
KNOTS



2
ON EACH OF
THE FOUR SIDES DRAW
TWO PARALLEL LINES 1/2"
APART AND 1/2" FROM
EACH EDGE. THEN DROP
EACH LINE DOWN
AT THE ENDS TO
FORM THE CROSS
AS SHOWN.



3
PLACE IT
LEVEL IN A CLAMP OR
VISE, THEN SAW ALONG
THE LENGTH OF EACH
LINE ON ALL SIDES —
CUTTING OUT A RIDGE
1/2" HIGH AND 1/2" WIDE. BE
CAREFUL NOT TO SAW



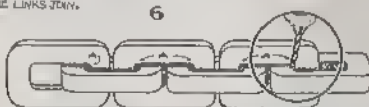
4
NOW
INDICATE THE
POSITION OF
THE LINKS —
EACH ONE BEING
PERPENDICULAR
TO THE ONE NEXT
TO IT. IN DRAWING
ABOVE HEAVY LINE
DENOTES LOCATION
OF LINKS. NOTICE
THAT THERE IS
NO SPACE WHERE
THE LINKS JOIN.



5
NEXT CARVE OUT THE POSITION
OF THE LINKS ON THE RIDGES.
REMEMBER EVERY OTHER LINK
MUST TOUCH WHERE THEY JOIN.



DEEPER
THAN
1/2". IT
NOW
LOOKS LIKE
THIS



6
SEPARATING THE LINKS IS THE HARDEST
PART — WITH A NARROW DRILL AND SMALL KNIFE
BLADE MAKE THE NECESSARY INCISIONS INDICATED
BY THE BLACK SPACES IN THE ABOVE DRAWING.
THE MOST DIFFICULT SEPARATIONS AT THE POINTS MARKED
A ARE BEST DONE AS THE INSET SHOWS WITH A DRILL
ENTERING AT AN ANGLE. THE REST IS EASY — SWAPY ROUND OFF
THE ROUGH EDGES AND INSIDE CURVES — THEN SANDPAPER.

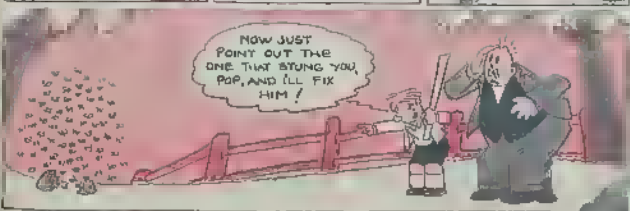


NOTHING TO IT IS THERE?

WILLIE
WHITTLE

JIMMY JAMS

by VEP



Flight Through Fire



By H. T. SPERRY

BILL DAY hid to shout to make himself heard above the noise din of the water tumbling and cascading down either side of the little plateau which had suddenly become an island. "You ain't try it, you crazy little owl!" he yelled. "You nothin' but a thick-skulled pebble, in' you'll stick up there 'n' shootin'! That flood-water 's chomped up the mountains 'til a single couldn't take off'n this plateau, let alone a—"

"But I've got it, Bill!" yelled young Pat Hilton. "The flood will hit the lower valley in less than half an hour—and the people down there won't have a word of warning. The telephone wires went down the instant the dam burst, and everybody but you and I are cut off from the south. Somebody will have to drive east up to Westcott before he can get to a phone, and before that the flood will have burst out of the gorge and stopped everybody in Lost Valley. They won't have any warning, Bill."

The big steel mechanic paled under his coating of tan and grease. He knew that Pat was right—that not a person would escape alive from Lost Valley unless they started for the hills within the next twenty minutes. But he was in doubt of the youngster below him, though he had been his top, and he doubted seeing him take the terrific hazard of trying to get his tiny Aero-Scout into the air above the flood. Pat had barely soared—with only five flying hours to his credit—and the venture he proposed to attempt would have taxed the abilities of a seasoned pilot. On the other hand—there was the people of Lost Valley, doomed to ruin, terrible death unless . . .

The big mechanic's jaw suddenly tightened. He turned abruptly and dashed into the hangar with Pat at his heels.

But Bill Day went right past Pat's plane and kept on until he reached the rear of the hangar, stopped in front of a large red box which, Pat knew, had arrived the day before for delivery at the dam. It contained a thousand sticks of dynamite.

Bill attached the top of the box with a hubcap and in two seconds had knocked off two of the boards. He took a stick of dynamite out of the box, opened a section of caps and bit off the top of one with his teeth. He fixed the tip on the end of the stick of dynamite, clipped a foot-length of fuse from a coil lying in the

top of the box, tied it on the stick over the top, and handed it to Pat. Then he reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette lighter—one of the kind which glow when the lid is snapped up, instead of breasting into flame—and gave that, likewise, to the wondering youth.

"Now listen," said Bill. "If you don't set on doin' this, you might as well make it worth while. There's no way of landin' in the valley. All you could do is drop a note—and Lord only knows if they'd find it in time. But if the flood hasn't reached Thunder Gorge before you get there, you might be able to land it all. Light this heater, then drop her right smack in the middle of the gorge—you know, where that rockslide was last year. If you hit her just right, you'll probably be able to start the slide again—and that should bring down half the face of the cliff on the east side, because it's undermined already. That'll bustle up the upper valley and give the folks below at least a couple of hours before the state is split over—and it'll give you enough time to land down at Pullen Station and phone up to 'em!"

THE moment the little ship left the top of the plateau, the tribulation watched it and landed at two hundred feet into the sky. Bill Day, watching below, felt his body turn to ice. Then the tiny plane tumbled out, and its nose dropped. It made a short, steep dive and landed out again, obviously with plenty of flying speed. Bill drew a long shuddering breath and gulped. "That kid 'll make a pilot yet!" he muttered—"if he lives!"

But this was a matter about which young Pat Hilton had plenty of doubts as he wrestled with the stick in the cockpit of the little Aero-Scout. But the sturdy little plane loomed onward, bobbing and bucking like a snail on a stormy sea, and at last Pat was aware of a new vividness in the ship. Soon he was passing the head of the flood—and a few minutes later his eager eyes lit on the rocky impacts of Thunder Gorge!

Pat climbed the Aero-Scout as steeply as he dared, until he was several hundred feet above the top of the gorge. Then he lowered the plane's nose, and began a shallow power dive aimed at the very center of the cañon.

Holding the stick between his clamped knees, Pat pulled the dynamite and Bill's cigarette lighter out of his jumper pocket. He gave one glance over the side, and snipped the lighter, applied it to the end of the fuse.



But the fighter did not heat up as soon as he had expected. The fuse remained silent while the little plane dove onward—and Pat felt cold terror rising in his throat as he realized that he would be past the spot where the explosion must be dropped if the fuse didn't light in the next couple of seconds. With growing fear widening his eyes he glanced over his shoulder at the hissing tail of the flood just beginning to show round the last rim of the cañon—and realized he would not have time to maneuver the ship into position again before the water reached the gorge!

He realized this, and also knew that he had reached the point where the dynamite must be thrown—when the fuse spoiled!

With a cry of triumph Pat flung his arm over the side of the fuselage and aimed at the spot where the explosive must strike—only to halt with his arm in mid-air at the ship side slipped out of range!

The fuse on the dynamite hissed like an angry rattler as Pat sat there, gapped in a rigid paralysis of horror which seemed to render him incapable of moving a muscle. If he threw the dynamite now, the people of Lost Valley would be lost—and if he didn't throw it, he would be blasted out of the sky!

Suddenly, as his right hand held the rattling fuse over the side of the fuselage, the thrust the stick forward with his left hand—then threw it back until it slammed into his stomach. The little ship zoomed, spun into a stall—and fell off on its left wing as Pat kicked rudder. Then it sailed down in a spin, with all flying speed lost and not the shadow of a chance of regaining it—but the maneuver had bought the critical point of the gorge, just at the foot of the rock-slide, one more within range of Pat's throwing arm.

Pat brought his right arm forward with all his strength, and the smoking dynamite streaked downward through the air—but in the instant it exploded, Pat had time to know the dreadful hits met of complete despair. The dynamite never hit the bottom of the gorge at all. It exploded in mid-air—and as his little plane cracked

in every joint from the titanic upward thrust of the coo-erious, the tragic hopelessness of those who are con-
demned to die in pain, swept at Pat.

It seemed that the whole sky had erupted into vivid flame. Pat was enclosed on all sides by solid walls of fire streaked with smoke, and the next thing he knew he was floating through space.

He fully expected to be dashed against the huge boulders which covered the bottom of the gorge—but when he did hit, with a jar which seemed to spin every ligament in his body, he found himself rolling onto and over in thick, green buffalo grass. And even as he rolled he realized with amazement that he had been thrown, not to the rock-strewn bottom floor—but to the grassy carpet top of the next cliff!

With his ears ringing from the thunderous explosion, and his mind dazed by the terrific shaking-up he had received, Pat sat there for several seconds before he could remember what had happened or how he had gotten there. Then memory returned, and he jumped to his feet and rushed to the cliff's edge—only to have his worst fear realized. The explosion had occurred too soon to hang down the rock-slide, and even now the water was rushing into the neck of the gorge. Lost Valley was doomed!

Suddenly, he stared fixedly at a great rift in the face of the next cliff which he had never noticed before—which, he now realized, must have been caused by the explosion. And even as he watched, Pat was certain he saw the whole huge mass start slightly to the west!

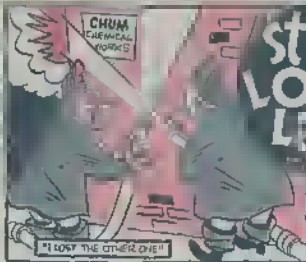
His hunter eyes saw a ten foot length of stone, Shilby taking which he tumbled up. Not many minutes ago it had formed one of the finger-fingers of his little straitened Arco Sport!

Rising to the foot of the cliff Pat thrust the light but tremendously strong tube into the crack he had seen in the face of the cliff. Then, with every ounce of his strength, he pulled back against the line that loured, and pined outward against the great pinnacle whose slight movement had suggested to him that it was on the verge of collapsing.

Once again the world seemed to be coming apart. Beginning with an almost human groan, the pinnacle slowly and imperceptibly tipped forward into the cañon. But that was only the beginning. The loosened tons of rock did what the dynamite had failed to do—it started the rock slide. But, as the young pilot stepped to the edge of the cliff and looked downward, he realized that it was accomplishing the job far better than a single stick of dynamite. For the whole side of the cliff was going now, and even as he watched, Pat saw a huge natural dam being erected in the face of the oncoming flood—a dam which would be good not for an hour or a day—but forever!

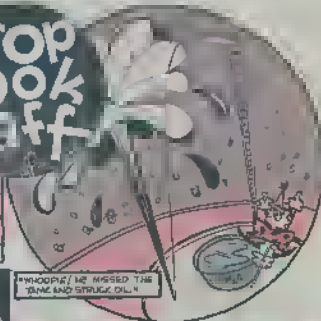
THE END



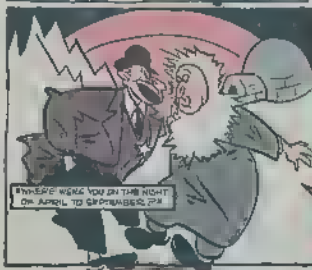


"I LOST THE OTHER ONE!"

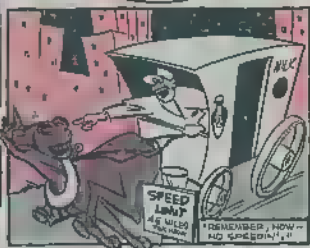
stop
look
laugh



"WHOOPEE! WE MISSED THE
TANK AND STRUCK OIL!"



"WHERE WERE YOU ON THE NIGHT
OF APRIL TO SEPTEMBER 29?"

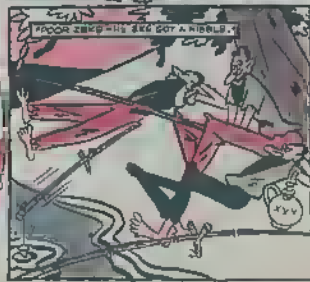


SPEED
LIMIT
45 MILES
PER HOUR

"REMEMBER, NOW --
NO SPEEDING!"



"HE CAME HERE TO TALK!"



"POOR ZEMO - HE'S BEEN GOT A NIBBLE."

COWBOY AND INDIAN LORE

AZTEC LORE

KNIGHTHOOD



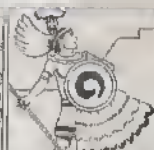
A YOUNG AZTEC WARRIOR WHO ASPIRED TO HIS HONOR FASTED FOR WEEKS IN THE TEMPLE.



HE LISTENED TO ADVICE, INSTRUCTION ON THE DUTIES OF HIS POSITION AND HIS NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.



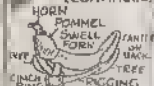
THEN HE WAS LED THROUGH THE STREETS BY A GENERAL PROCESSION TO THE DANCE OF THE CHIEF.



HE WAS IMMEDIATELY SURRENDERED TO WEAR A CROWN OF FEATHERS AND A SINGLET BROWING HIS HAIR.

COWBOY PRIMER

SADDLES (CONTINUED)



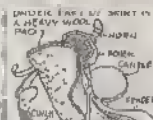
IN LAST ISSUE THE TREE WAS EXPLAINED. NOW COMES THE LEATHER COVERING.



JOCKEY AND SKIRT ARE HEAVY HAND TOoled LEATHER - WHANGS OR STRINGS ARE FOR TYING ARTICLES ON -

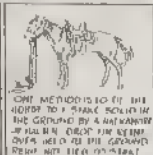


STIRRUPS STYLES AND SHAPES VARIOUS

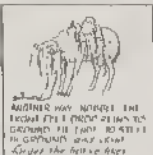


EVEN THOUGH UNDER PART OF SKIRT IS A WOOL PAD - A HEAVY SADDLE BLANKET IS USED.

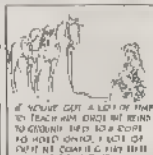
IF A COWBOY HAS OCCASION TO DISMOUNT WHILE RIDE ON THE HORSE IS LEAVING HIS HORSE STANDING HE WANTS TO KNOW THAT THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED. THE HORSE IS TALKED BY VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO STAY PUT WHEN THE BRIDLE REMAINS ARE DROPPED ON TO THE GROUND. THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED. THE HORSE IS TALKED BY VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO STAY PUT WHEN THE BRIDLE REMAINS ARE DROPPED ON TO THE GROUND. THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED.



ONE METHOD IS TO LET THE HORSE TO A SPARK SOUND IN THE GROUND BY A HAT WARRIOR - HE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED. THE HORSE IS TALKED BY VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO STAY PUT WHEN THE BRIDLE REMAINS ARE DROPPED ON TO THE GROUND. THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED.



ANOTHER WAY WARRIOR THE HORSE TO A SPARK SOUND IN THE GROUND BY A HAT WARRIOR - HE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED. THE HORSE IS TALKED BY VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO STAY PUT WHEN THE BRIDLE REMAINS ARE DROPPED ON TO THE GROUND. THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED.



IF YOUVE GOT A LOT OF TIME TO TEACH HIM, ONCE HE REINS TO GROUND, HE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED. THE HORSE IS TALKED BY VARIOUS ATTEMPTS TO STAY PUT WHEN THE BRIDLE REMAINS ARE DROPPED ON TO THE GROUND. THE HORSE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RETURNED.



There'll Be More of This in the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"

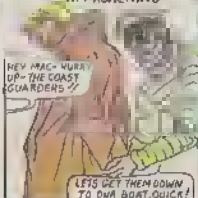


— SPIKE —

CAP'N CLOUD

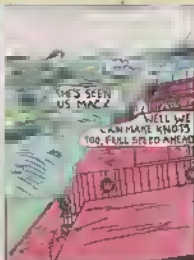
BY ROBERT WEINSTEIN

WHILE TRUSSING UP CAP'N CLOUD AND HIS CREW, SPIKE SEES A COAST GUARD CUTTER APPROACHING—



HEY MAC—WARR UP—THE COAST GUARDERS—

LET'S GET THEM DOWN TO OUR BOAT, QUICK!



WE'VE SEEN US MAC?

WELL WE CAN MAKE KNOTS TOO, FULL SPEED AHEAD!



GIVE ME THAT WHEEL, YOU DUMB-BELL—THEY'RE GIVING US THE CHASE!



GET THE ARTILLERY READY, MAC—WE MIGHT NEED IT!

THIS SUB-MACHINE-GUN WILL DO THE TRICK ON!



THE COAST GUARD SHIP'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED—

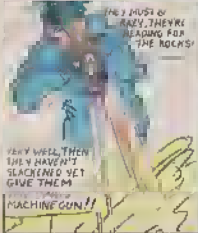
LET 'EM HAVE THEIR WARNING SHOT ACROSS THE BOW!



SHUT UP! SILENCE!

NEXT TIME SPIKE, IT'LL BE SOLID SHOT, YOU ARSE!

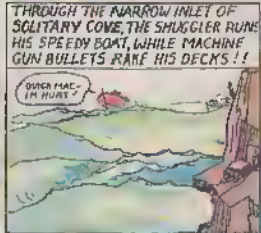
MAC, THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US COVE!



THEY MUST BE RAZZ, THEY'RE READING FOR THE ROCKS!

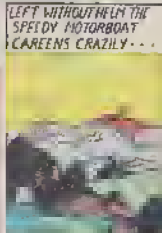
VERY WELL, THEN THEY HAVEN'T SLACKENED YET GIVE THEM

THE MACHINE GUN!!



THROUGH THE NARROW INLET OF SOLITARY COVE, THE SMUGGLER RUNS HIS SPEEDY BOAT, WHILE MACHINE GUN BULLETS RAKE HIS DECKS!!

QUICK MAC—IM HURT!



LEFT WITHOUT HELP THE SPEEDY MOTORBOAT CAREENS CRAZILY...

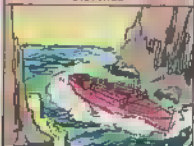
CAP'N CLOUD

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WITHOUT A GUIDING HAND AT THE WHEEL, THE FAST SMUGGLER MOTORBOAT HEADS FOR DESTRUCTION AGAINST THE ROCKS OF SOLITARY COVE



BY A FAST MANUEVER CAP'N CLOUD TURNS INTO THE NARROW, JAGGED CHANNEIL



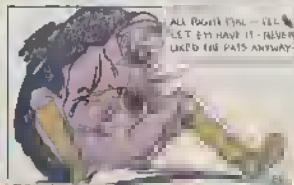
ON THE COAST GUARD SHIP, THE OFFICERS LOOK ON, AMAZED —



CAP'N CLOUD MEANWHILE SKILFULLY BRINGS THE RUM-RUNNER'S CRAFT INTO SOLITARY BAY —



UNOBSERVED, CHARLIE UNLOOSENS HIS HANDS



See What Happens in Our Next Issue.

CLANZLY THE COP



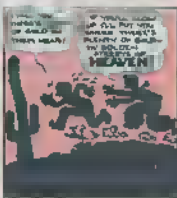
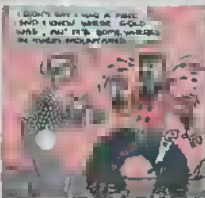
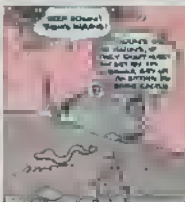
3 SPACES IS
T D A M P
A S R I O
R A T T O
T I R E N
S L I D E S

HERE ARE THE SOLUTIONS OF THE
CROSSWORD PUZZLES
 IN THIS ISSUE ——— SEND IN SOME
 ORIGINAL ONES OF YOUR OWN
 • PUZZLE No1 ——— PUZZLE No2 •

T E A R
L E A N E R
O A T L A
A S F I T
M E L O N S
R A R E

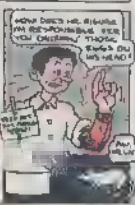
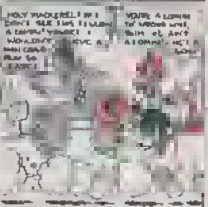
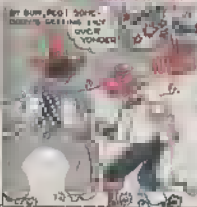
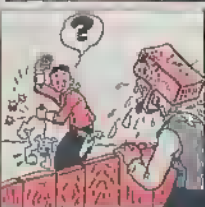
DEADWOOD GULCH

by harles McCRAW



DEADWOOD GULCH

BY CHARLES McGRATH



SALES- MAN SAM

WELL, WELL! A FULL HOUSE!
ALL TH' BOYS SEEM TA BE
FISHIN' T'DAY, SAKES!

YOU SAID IT, SAM! THEY'RE
ALL HERE HOOK, LINE
AN' SINKER!

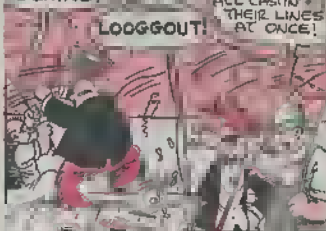


GANGWAY,
BEHIND!

HEADS
UP!

DUCK, SAM,
DUCK! THEY'RE
ALL CASTIN'
THEIR LINES
AT ONCE!

LOOOGGOUT!



HELP, HELP! OUCH!
THEY GOT ME!



SAY, ARE YOU GONNA
START ASKIN' ME AGAIN
TA LETCHA TAKE TWO
BUCKS? I TOLD YA WHEN
WE CAME HERE I WAS
BROKE!

IT YEARS?
WELL, I
LETCHA
GET BY
WITH IT
THEN—

BUT YER PRETTY WELL
HOOKED, NOW!



MAN-HUNT

A TRUE
F.B.I. STORY

HEY!
WHAT'S THIS?

IT'S A SNATCH! AND
STEP ON IT! WE CAN'T
KEEP OUR PAL AND
CAR WAITIN' ALL
NIGHT!

EXTRA! JOHN J.
O'CONNELL
KIDNAPPED!
POLICE SPREAD
DRAGNET!

JOHN J. O'CONNELL
KIDNAPPED!
TIMES OF
POLICE
LEADS THE
O'CONNELL
DRAGNET!

MEANWHILE -
IN A TWO-STORY
FRAME HOUSE IN
HOROKKAN

C'MON! PICK UP THAT
PENCIL AND WRITE THIS -
'PAY UP \$250,000 OR YOU
WON'T SEE ME ALIVE AGAIN'
AND SIGN IT!

ALBANY'S BIG SHOT O'CONNELLS MUST HAVE
COME TO SOME AGREEMENT WITH THE KID-
NAPPERS FOR WITHIN 25 DAYS A HI-POWERED
CAR HURTTLED OVER A DESERTED HIGHWAY
OUTSIDE OF ALBANY!

DARN LUCKY FOR
YOU YOUR UNCLES
PAID UP O'CONNELL
OR MY NAME
AIN'T NANNY
STREW!

NO, UNCLE! THEY
DIDN'T HURT ME!
I'M OKAY - JUST
TIRED THAT'S
ALL!

HAVE YOU
ANY IDEA W
THEY ARE
SIR!

THE MAN WHO
BROUGHT ME HERE
MENTIONED HE WAS
MANNY STREWL!

GREAT! WE'LL
HAVE MEN ON
HIS TRAIL
RIGHT AWAY!

BUT-I TELL YOU!
I'M NOT IN
THIS ALONE! THERE'S
ANGEL FACE GEARY-
JOHNNY CLEY AND
RED CROWLEY!

THE COURT
STILL FINDS YOU
GUILTY! FIFTEEN
YEARS IN THE
PENITENTIARY

THE WHEELS OF
THE LAW WHIRLED
QUICKLY-SURELY!
STREWL, SMALL
TIME RACKETEER WAS
TAKEN-TRIED--

JOHNNY! YOU GET
A SPEEDBOAT! A
GET-AWAY OVER
WATER IS NEW
STUFF!

BOY!! \$427,000
IN CASH! AND
ONLY A GUARD
AND A DRIVER
TO TAKE CARE
OF!

A YEAR WENT BY WITH THE
KIDNAPPERS STILL AT LARGE
THEN ONE HOT DAY IN AUG-
UST OF 1934 IN BROOKLYN

HERE THEY
COME! LET'S
RUSH 'EM!

WATCH THE
DRIVER! I'LL
GET THE
DOUGH!

OKAY! WE WANT
NO FUNNY BUSINESS
DRIVER OR ELSE
WE'LL SLUG YA LIKE
YOUR PAL HERE!

HELP! POLICE!
I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

QUICK!
HEAD FOR
THE WATER
FRONT!

WE CAN'T TOLERATE THESE THUGS/
NOT WHILE I'M THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
SEARCH EVERYWHERE! SEARCH THE
WATERFRONTS! WE MUST FIND
THESE MEN!



SURE! I RENTED
A SPEED-BOAT TO
A MAN WHO LOOKS
LIKE THIS
PHOTOGRAPH!

THAT'S ANGEL-
FACE GEARY! THE
OTHER TWO MUST
BE RED CROWLEY
AND JOHN OLEY!



STICK 'EM UP!
YOU MUGS! WE
GOT YOU
COVERED!

G-MEN!



WITH A DOGGEDNESS
THAT DEFIED FAILURE
THE LAW FINALLY
TRAILED THEIR PREY
TO A HOUSE ON
BEDFORD AVENUE
IN BROOKLYN!

CAUGHT! JUST
LIKE A BUNCH
OF SCHOOL
KIDS!

LOOK, FELLAS! THERE'S
A LOOSE BAR IN THE
DOOR! LET'S MAKE
A BREAK!



C'MON! LET'S SCRAM
OUTA HERE! IT WILL
BE A CINCH GETTIN'
BY THE GUARDS!

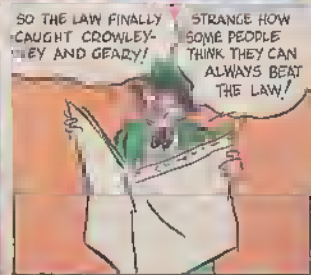


LISTEN-YOU! WE
NEED GRUB! PLENTY
OF IT! GO AND GET
SOME!



TWO DAYS LATER-
IVAN WHITEFORD A
ROOMING HOUSE
OWNER GOES TO
INSPECT AN EMPTY
HOUSE!

Be Sure to Get the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"



HEADLINERS

STOOKIE ALLEN



FROM AN ACTUAL PHOTO.

SAW IT ALL!

HE ARMED HIMSELF WITH A CAMERA IN 1911 AND JOINED THE FORCES OF MADERO IN MEXICO. THE SIGHTS HE SAW AS A COMBINATION FIGHTING MAN AND WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE THE BLOOD RUN COLD—AND IT OFTEN DID.

R.P. "BOB" Dorman

HE TAUGHT MADERO HOW TO CURL RAILS WITH A LOCOMOTIVE AND THUS HAMPER THE FEDERALS. MADERO MADE HIM A COONEL—THE FEDERALS PUT A PRICE ON HIS HEAD. AFTER MADERO'S DEATH HE BECAME AN AIDE TO PANCHITO VILLA—ONE OF THE FEW MEN THAT PANCHITO TRUSTED. DORMAN SAW PLENTY OF EXECUTIONS—

ONCE, PANCHITO'S EXECUTIONER, "EL CARNICERO" (THE BUTCHER) INSISTED

ON DEMONSTRATING HIS EFFICIENCY AS

A BUTCHER FOR HIS LIVES.

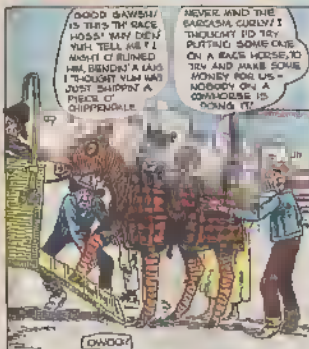


DOWN IN NICARAGUA, GEN. FERRARA LEARNED THAT DORMAN WISHED TO GET A PHOTO OF A MACHETE CHARGE SO HE ORDERED ONE FOR DORMAN'S BENEFIT—15 MEN WERE KILLED.

AND HE'S NOW HEAD OF A SMALL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE



Cowboy Comics



THRILL-HUNTERS

BY STOOKEY ALLEN



**-IVAN-
LEBEDEFF**

THIS HANDSOME RUSSIAN FILM ACTOR HAS HAD A LIFE PACKED WITH MORE THRILLS THAN ANY SCREEN ROLE HE EVER PLAYED. — AS AN IDOL OF THE CZAR'S ARMY HE ONCE RULED A MIGHTY CITY WITH AN IRON HAND.

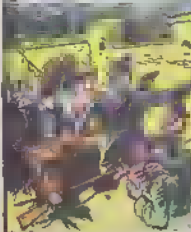


ACTION!

BORN OF NOBLE PARENTS HE ENLISTED IN THE DRAGOONS IN THE WORLD WAR AND WAS SOON A LIEUT. ONE DAY HE LEARNED THAT A GERMAN HIGH COMMAND WAS QUARTERED IN A CASTLE WHERE HE HAD ONCE VISITED. BY A SURPRISE MOVE HE CAPTURED THE ENTIRE STAFF INCLUDING GEN. VON FABARIUS.

(IN ONLY GERMAN GENERAL CAPTURED IN THE WAR.)

AFTER ANOTHER YEAR OF GATLINTRY HE WAS MADE A MAJ. GENERAL. (THE YOUNGEST IN THE CZAR'S ARMY.) WHEN THE REDS OVERRAN RUSSIA HE WAS IMPRISONED.



HE THRASHED A WARDEN FOR SIKING A FELLOW OFFICER AND WAS SENTENCED TO BE SHOT, BUT ESCAPED AND LED A BAND OF LOYALISTS TO RECAPTURE THE CITY OF ODESSA. HE RULED THE CITY UNTIL THE RED ARMY FINALLY FORCED HIM TO FLEE.



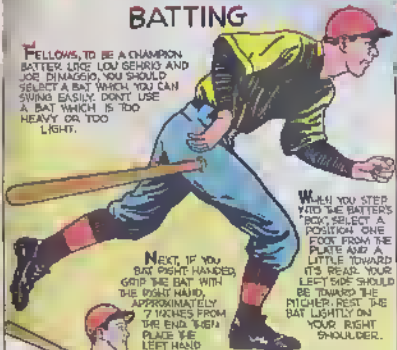
AND HOLLYWOOD BOO A HAND-KISSING HERO

Be Sure to Get the Next Issue of "THE COMICS"

BE A BIG LEAGUER

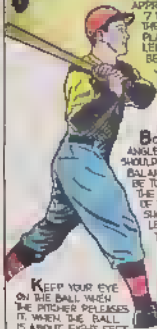
BATTING

FELLOWS, TO BE A CHAMPION BATTER, LIKE LOU GEHRIG AND JOE DIMAGGIO, YOU SHOULD SELECT A BAT WHICH YOU CAN SWING EASILY. DON'T USE A BAT WHICH IS TOO HEAVY OR TOO LIGHT.



WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BATTER'S BOX, SELECT A POSITION ONE FOOT FROM THE PLATE AND A LITTLE TOWARD ITS REAR. YOUR LEFT SIDE SHOULD BE TOWARD THE PITCHER. REST THE BAT LIGHTLY ON YOUR RIGHT SHOULDER.

NEXT, IF YOU ARE RIGHT-HANDED, GRIP THE BAT WITH THE RIGHT HAND, APPROXIMATELY 7 INCHES FROM THE END. THEN PLACE THE LEFT HAND BELOW AND JUST TOUCHING THE RIGHT ONE. THIS SHOULD LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCHES OF THE BAT'S HANDLE FREE. GRIP THE BAT FIRMLY, BUT NOT WITH ALL YOUR STRENGTH.



BOTH FEET SHOULD BE AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE PATH OF THE BALL. THEY SHOULD BE SPACED SO YOU HAVE A GOOD BALANCE. YOUR RIGHT FOOT SHOULD BE TO THE REAR OF THE LEFT, AND THE FORMER SHOULD CARRY MOST OF THE WEIGHT. YOUR RIGHT LEG SHOULD BE STRAIGHT AND YOUR LEFT LEG SLIGHTLY BENT AT THE KNEE.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL WHEN THE PITCHER RELEASES IT. WHEN THE BALL IS ABOUT EIGHT FEET FROM YOU, STEP FORWARD WITH THE LEFT FOOT, SWINGING THE WEIGHT OF YOUR BODY IN THE SAME DIRECTION. IF YOU ARE LEFT-HANDED, THE GRIP AND THE STANCE SHOULD BE REVERSED.



READ
POPULAR
COMICS
The FUNNIES
AND
The COMICS
FOR
REAL FUN,
ADVENTURE, AND
THRILLS!



AMERICA'S
LEADING COMIC
MAGAZINES!

CLANCY THE COP



HEY, KIDS DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUES OF
POPULAR COMICS, THE COMICS,
 AND
THE FUNNIES!!

\$25.00 IN PRIZES! \$25.00

Last month we offered a prize, 25 of them in fact, to the readers of THE COMICS who could solve a puzzle neatly and correctly. But the printer made a mistake—and a bad one. He made such a bad mistake we can't even color the puzzle ourselves. So this month we're running it over again, below, with the correct rules.

Try to Win One Now!

THE COMICS will award twenty-five one dollar prizes for the twenty-five greatest correct solutions to the puzzle on the right. Divide the square with two lines so that there are four triangles inside the square, each containing numbers that add up to 138. Send your contribution to: THE COMICS CONTEST, 119 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. All entries must be in the mail before June 28, 1938.

